Oth. I would haue him nine yeares a killing; a fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman.

Iag. Nay you must forget.

Oth. And let her rot and perish, and be damb'd to night, for she shall not liue: no, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand: O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an Emperours side, and command him taskes.

Iag. Nay that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe but say what she is: So delicate with her needle, an admirable musition, O shee will sing the sauageneſſe out of a Beare; of so hye and plentious wit and inuention.

Iag. Shee's the worse for all this.

Oth. A thousand thousand times: and then of so gentle a condition.

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. I that's certaine, but yet the pitty of it *Iago*, the pitty.

Ia. If you be so fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes --- cuckold me!

Iag. O tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison *Iago*, this night I'le not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this night *Iago*.

Iag. Doe it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the iustice of it pleases very good.

Iag. And for *Cassio*, let me bee his vndertaker: you shall heare more by midnight. *A Trumpet.*

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Excellent good:
What Trumpet is that same?

Iag. Something from *Venice* sure, tis *Lodouico*,
Come from the Duke, and see your wife is with him.

Lod.

Lod. God saue the worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart sir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greete you.

Oth. I kisse the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes good cousen *Lodouico*?

Iag. I am very glad to see you Seignior: -- welcome to *Cypres*.

Lod. I thanke you, how does Leiutenant *Cassio*?

Iag. Liues sir.

Des. Cousen, there's falne betweene him and my Lord,
An vnkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord.

Oth. This faile you not to doe, as you will. --

Lod. He did not call, hee's busie in the paper:
Is there diuision betweene thy Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most vnhappy one, I would doe much
To attone them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Desd. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mou'd him;
For as I thinke, they doe command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his gouernement.

Desd. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How sweete *Othello*?

Oth. Diuell.

Des. I haue not deseru'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in *Venice*,
Tho I shou'd sweare I saw't: tis very much,
Make her amends, she weepes.

Oth. O Diuell, Diuell,
If that the earth could teeme with womens teares
Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocadile: